But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughterhouſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe,
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.

Cat. Diſpatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Readie with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come Coſen, canſt thou quake and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Mai.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walls.

Buck.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme
Glo. Looke backe, defend the
Buc. God and our innocencie
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Cates
Cat. Here is the head of that ig
The daungerous and vnſuſpected
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, t
I tooke him for the plaineſt harme
That breathed vpon this earth a C
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thou
So ſmoothe he daubd his vice with
That his apparant open guilt omit
I meane his couerſation with Shore
He laid from all attainder of ſuſpe
Buck. Well well, he was the coue
That euer liu'd, wold you haue im
Or almoſt beleeue, wert not by g
We liue to tell it you? The ſubtile
Had this day plotted in the counce
To murder me, and my good Lor
Maior. What, had he ſo?
Glo. What thinke you we are Tu
Or that we would againſt the form
Proceed thus raſhly to the villaines
But that the extreame perill of the
The peace of England, and our per
Inforſt vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befal you, he dese
And you my good Lo: both, haue v
To warne falſe traitours from the li
I neuer looke for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe
Dut. Yet had not we determined
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee h
Which now the longing haſte of th
Somewhat againſt our meaning hau

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